

MASKED RAIDER

# MASKED RAIDER

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

NO. 1

And 'TALON'  
the Golden Eagle

IN PUBLICATION

10¢



WELLS  
FARGO  
100000



[illegible]



Come on, Buddy, Quit being a BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Hi  
Pal!  
Win  
\$100  
as I just  
did!



How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE PACKED HE MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE AFFORD \$1 PRICE GOES BACK

"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon. Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! YOU'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER In EVERYTHING you tackle



YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN AFTER

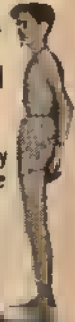
He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-53

Tell Ma Now Ya WIN \$100, etc.

"Secret Course" given to World for building all-around strength - 100 better Physical Condition

TOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. Dear George: Please mail to me FREE TOWETT Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSURE 100 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING IN C.O.D.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

MASKED RAIDER

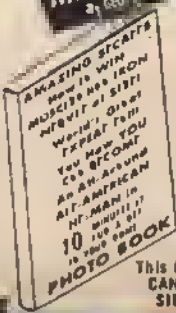
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Volume 1, Number 1

June, 1955

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

This BOOK will also show You NOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPNY (Your Name On It)



# MASKED RAIDER

ONE MAN AND ONE EAGLE! THE STRANGEST PAIR THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE—AND ALSO THE DEADDEST! ONE MAN —ONE EAGLE—

## MASKED RAIDER

And 'TALON' the  
Golden Eagle



INSIDE THE STAGE HEADED FOR  
DOUGLAS CITY—

DON'T YOU  
EVER TIRE OF THOSE LAW  
BOOKS, LES WILCOX? A BODY'D  
THINK FOR YOUR OLD DAD'S  
SAKE, YOU'D TRY TO BE A  
MITE LESS

DUDISH! YOUR DAD'S A  
SHERIFF, POLLY  
GARRETT!...THAT DOESN'T  
OBLIGE YOU TO WEAR A  
DEPUTY BADGE—NOW  
DOES IT?



NOW DON'T BE TRYING TO MOCK  
ME WITH THOSE SLY JOKES  
OF YOURS, LES WILCOX!

I'LL —

HEY!





JUMP DOWN PRONTO WITH THE STRONG BOX BETWEEN YOU... AND CALL THE PASSENGERS TO STEP DOWN WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!



WHEN POLLY GARRETT STEPS OUT, HER TEMPER IS HOT AS A BRANDING IRON—

YOU CALL YOURSELVES A STAGE CREW? ONLY ONE MAN... AND HE'S HOSTYING THE LOT OF YOU! ISN'T ANYBODY GOING TO DO ANYTHING..?



LATER—

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, MA'AM—THERE'S NOTHING THEY COULD'VE DONE!...WHEN BAD MIKE SALT GOES ROAD-AGENTIN', STAGE CREWS EITHER TURN CAUTIOUS... OR THE NEXT DAY THEIR WIDDERS ARE WISHING THEY HAD!



AFTER BAD MIKE HAS PASSED OVER THE RIDGE

POLLY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HE CUT A HORSE FROM THE TEAM—WHY CAN'T I? AFTER ALL, I'M A SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER...!



THE LEAST I CAN DO IS STAY ON BAD MIKE'S TRAIL WHILE IT'S FRESH...TO SEE JUST WHERE HE HITS THE FOOTHILLS... SO WHEN MY DAD RIDES OUT WITH THE POSSE, HE'LL KNOW WHERE TO HEAD!



TOO BAD POLLY SHOWED UP ON THE STAGE TODAY... SHE KNOWS ME TOO WELL AS LES WILCOX FOR ME TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A HAND WITHOUT GIVING AWAY MY SECRET! BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY! POLLY'S GONE OFF THIS WAY BEFORE—SHE'LL STAY ON THAT TRAIL TILL HER TEMPER FIZZLES OUT...THEN SHE'LL HEAD FOR DOUGLAS CITY, AND GET THERE BEFORE US.



BUT WHEN THE STAGE ROLLS INTO DOUGLAS CITY—

POLLY GARRET SHOW UP YET, DAD?

AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF HER, SON! ANYTHIN' WRONG?



MEANWHILE, IN THE FOOTHILLS—

I SAW LES WILCOX SMILING AS I ROODE OFF FROM THE STAGE...IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO TURN BACK THIS TIME THE WAY I—

LOOKIN' FER ME, MA'AM?



Y—YOU'LL TURN ME LOOSE IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU! MY DAD'LL BE COMING AFTER ME WITH A POSSE BEFORE LONG!

THAT'S JIST WHY I'M GOING TO HOLD ONTO YOU, MA'AM! YORE BEIN' AROUND WILL MAKE THAT POSSE THINK TWICE ABOUT THROWIN' LEAD IF THEY EVER CORNE ME!



IF I'D KNOWN BACK WHEN I WAS AN INJUN SCOUT THAT MY SON WOULD GROW UP TO BE THUH ONE MAN LEFT BEHIND WHEN A POSSE RIDES OUT...I'D HAVE LASSED ME ANOTHER

IF I—  
INSTEAD—  
OF A WIFE!  
TOO BAD...BUT FOR DAD'S OWN SAKE, I CAN'T LET HIM IN ON MY SECRET!



GALT!

NÖBODY ELSE!... I SPOTTED YUH OVER AN HOUR AGO! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WAIT FOR A SNAKE BEND IN THE TRAIL, THEN MOSEY UP OFF ONTO THE HARDROCK, AND BACKTRAIL A MITE!



LATER, BACK IN DOUGLAS CITY—

AREN'T YUH GOIN' TO CALL ON MY BOY, LES, TO RIDE WITH THUH POSSE, SHERIFF?

SORRY, WILCOX— THIS IS A MAN'S JOB WE'RE TACKLIN'...HE'D ONLY BE IN THUH WAY!



AS SOON AS THE OLD MAN IS SNORING IN BED—

HAVE TO MAKE TIME! I HAVE A LOT OF TERRITORY TO COVER TONIGHT!



MOUNTING UP WITH THE GRACE AND STRENGTH OF A BORN HORSEMAN, LES GALLOPS AWAY...

IT'S ALMOST DAWN WHEN HE REAS IN AT THE SECRET CAVE... AFTER A QUICK CHANGE INSIDE WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE THICKEST, HE STRIDES OUT AS THE MASKED RAIDER!





# You, Too, Can Be Tough!

## GREATEST SELF-DEFENSE OFFER EVER MADE!

### LIGHTNING JU-JITSU

Master Ju-Jitsu and you'll be able to overcome any attack—win any fight! This is what this book promises you! *Lightning Ju-Jitsu* will equip you with a powerful defense and counter-attack against any bully, attacker or enemy. It is equally effective and easy to use by any woman or man, boy or girl—and you don't need big muscles or weight to apply. Technique and the know-how does the trick. This book gives you all the secrets, grips, blows, pressures, jabs, tactics, etc. which are so deadly effective in quickly "putting an attacker out of business." Such as: Hitting Where It Hurts—Edge of the Hand Blow—Knuckle Jab—Shoulder Pinch—Teeth Rattler—Boxing the Ears—Elbow Jab—Knee Jab—Coat Grip—Bouncer Grip—Thumbscrew—Strangle Hold—Hip Throw—Shoulder Throw—Chin Throw—Knee Throw—*Breaking a Wristlock*, or Body Grip, or Strangle Hold—*Overcoming a Hold-up*, or Gun Attack, or Knife Attack, or Club Assault, etc. etc.—Just follow the illustrations and easy directions, practice the grips, holds and movements—and you'll fear no man.



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### How to Perform STRONG MAN STUNTS

With every order we will send you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** this exciting book! It shows you the *secret way* in which **YOU** will be able to: tear a telephone book in half—hammer a nail into a board with your bare fist—rip a full deck of cards into two parts—crush and shatter a rock with a blow of your hand—and many other stupendous strong man stunts! All this will be easy for you using the confidential, hidden way shown in this amazing book! Don't miss this amazing combined offer—on our **FIVE DAY TRIAL**! If not delighted with your results, your money back at once.



only  
**\$1.00**

HOW TO  
PERFORM  
STRONG  
MAN  
STUNTS



included  
**FREE!**

## FREE 5 DAY TRIAL

**B-J; Dept. 101**

**17 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.**

Please send **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, plus **FREE** copy of **HOW TO PERFORM STRONG MAN STUNTS**. If not satisfied I may return both books in 5 days and get my money back.

I enclose \$1—Send Postpaid (Sorry, No C.O.D.'s)

Name

Address

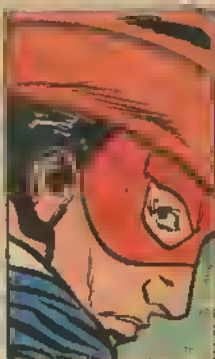
City  Zone  State

NOW HE CLIMBS A STEEP, HIGH-WINDING MOUNTAIN TRAIL UP TO WHERE IT ENDS A SHEER ROCK. AND THERE HE STANDS AND WHISTLES PIERCINGLY...

HIS STRAINING EARS SENSE A FAINT STIRRING IN THE EYRIE ABOVE... A HISSING ... THEN A SERIES OF HIGH PITCHED SQUEALS...

THEN A RUSHING, SWELLING, THUNDEROUS NOISE AS A GIANT BIRD COMES BEATING DOWN...

ONLY TO BRAKE HARD WITH WINGS AND FEET TOGETHER AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT—AND LAND WITH TENDER LIGHTNESS ON THE MASKED RAIDER'S SHOULDERS.



TWO OF THEM, TALON—SEE? ON TWO HORSES. ONE IS A MAN—THE OTHER A WOMAN. WEARING A RED DRESS. DRESS—LIKE THIS .RED— THE COLOR OF MY MASK.



THEY'RE SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, TALON. YOU FIND THEM! DON'T ATTACK! VERY IMPORTANT—DON'T ATTACK! SIGNAL TO ME—I'LL COME RIDING. NOW FLY, TALON, FLY!



TALON JUTS HIS BREAST FORWARD AND WITH A CLAP OF HIS GIANT WINGS, STARTS TO TAKE AIR! A MOMENT'S GROPING...AND HE'S FOUND A STRONG UP-DRAFT DEFLECTED OFF THE CLIFF! USING THE WIND AS A TOW-LINE, HE SPIRALS UPWARDS...

THE MINUTES DRAG SLOWLY BY...

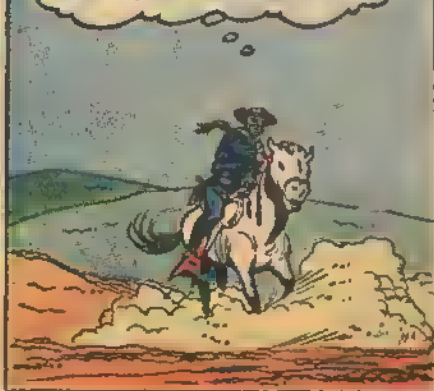
NOTHING TALON CAN'T SEE WITH THOSE EYES OF— HE'S STOPPED CIRCLING! HE SPOTTED THEM! THOSE DIVES AND SWOOPS MEAN HE'S SPOTTED THEM!

COULDN'T LET HIM ATTACK— POLLY MIGHT GET HURT... HE'S LEVELLING OFF NOW!



AFTER SIGNALLING BACK TO TALON BY WAVING HIS SOMBRERO, THE MASKED RAIDER CLIMBS DOWN FAST TO WHERE HIS HORSE IS TETHERED—

BAD MIKE GALT, HERE I COME!





LATER...

TALON'S SIGNALING THAT  
THEY'RE UP ON THE ROCK LEDGE!  
ONLY WAY I'LL EVER GET ACROSS THAT  
OPEN SPACE WITHOUT BEING SPOTTEO, IS  
IF GALT'S SLEEPING OFF THE FULL NIGHT'S  
RIDE IT MUST'VE TAKEN THEM TO GET  
HERE...!



BUT AS THE MASKED RAIDER STARTS THE  
SLOW CRAWL FORWARD, GALT IS WIDE AWAKE!

THAT'S THUH MASKED RAIDER HEADED THIS  
WAY! I HAVE' TA DO SOMETHING PRONTO...  
THET GALOOT'S PIZEN ON OWLHOOTS! HMM—  
THUH GAL'S FAST ASLEEP! MAYBE IF I WAKED  
HER SUDDEN-LIKE AND STARTED TALKIN'  
FAST... HMMM!



GET UP! SHHH— TAKE  
THIS GUN! THERE'S A MASKED  
OWLHOOT COMIN' FER US...  
HIM AN' HIS GANG'S AFTER  
THUH LOOT I TOOK FROM  
THE STAGE! YOU STOP HIM  
FROM HERE WHILE I TRY  
HANK... THUH GALT'S  
THUH GANG CREEPIN' UP  
THUH BACK  
TRAIL...!

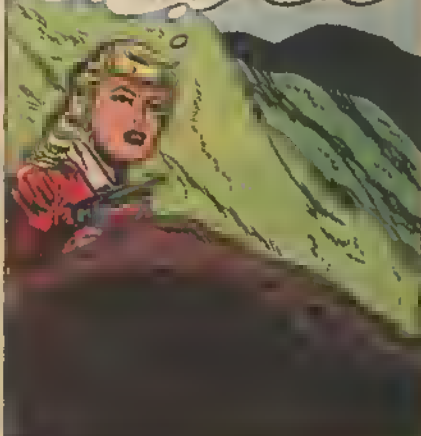


WH-  
WHAT?  
WHO?

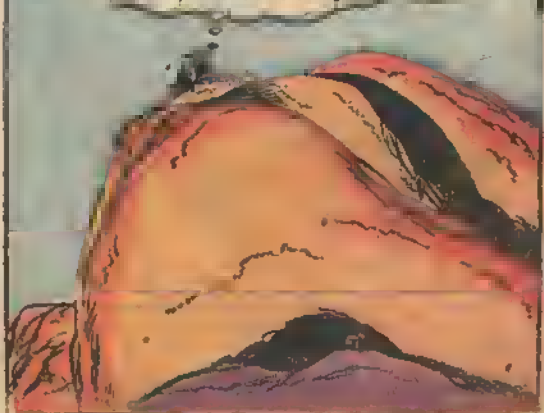
NO TIME FER  
QUESTIONS! THEY  
ARE ALL KILLERS!  
SHOOT AS SOON AS  
YOU GET HIM IN  
YOUR SIGHTS...!



H-HE MUST BE TELLING THE  
TRUTH... OTHERWISE HE'D NEVER  
HAVE TRUSTED ME WITH A  
GUN!



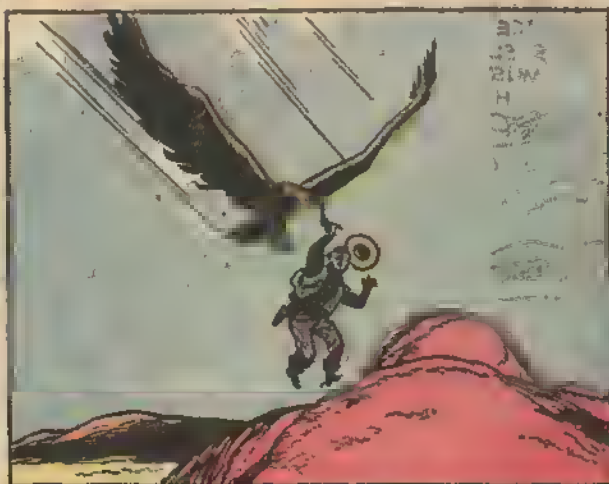
THET GUN I GAVE HER IS EMPTY! SHE'LL  
SQUEEZE TRIGGER... THUH MASKED  
RAIDER'LL HEAR THUH CLICK...AND WHILE  
HE'S BUSY FIGGERIN' OUT WHUT'S  
HAPPENIN', I'LL PERCOLATE HIM  
FROM HERE!



**BUT BEFORE GALT CAN FIRE, THERE'S THE RUSHING NOISE OF A GIANT BIRD'S DIVE —**



**AND TALON — THE SECOND HALF OF THE STRANGEST PAIR THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE — ATTACKS!**

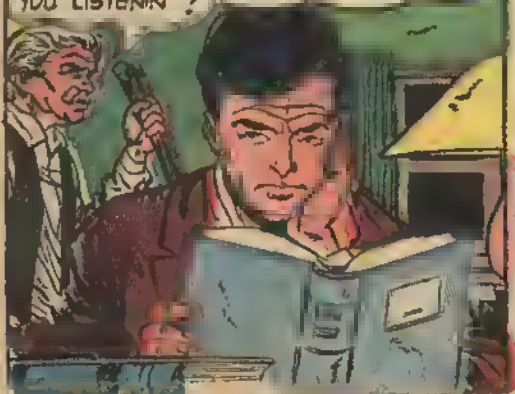


**OBEYING THE MASKED RAIDER'S SHARP COMMAND, TALON SOARS UP... BUT NOW THE CLIFF'S EDGE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE UNDER THE TEBTERING**



**THAT NIGHT...**

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL DAY? BET YUH DONT EVEN KNOW THUH POSSE BROUGHT POLLY IN! THUH PORE GAL'S MIGHTY UPSET — KEEPS BABBLIN' ABOUT A MASKED MAN AN' AN EAGLE? HEY — YOU LISTENIN'?

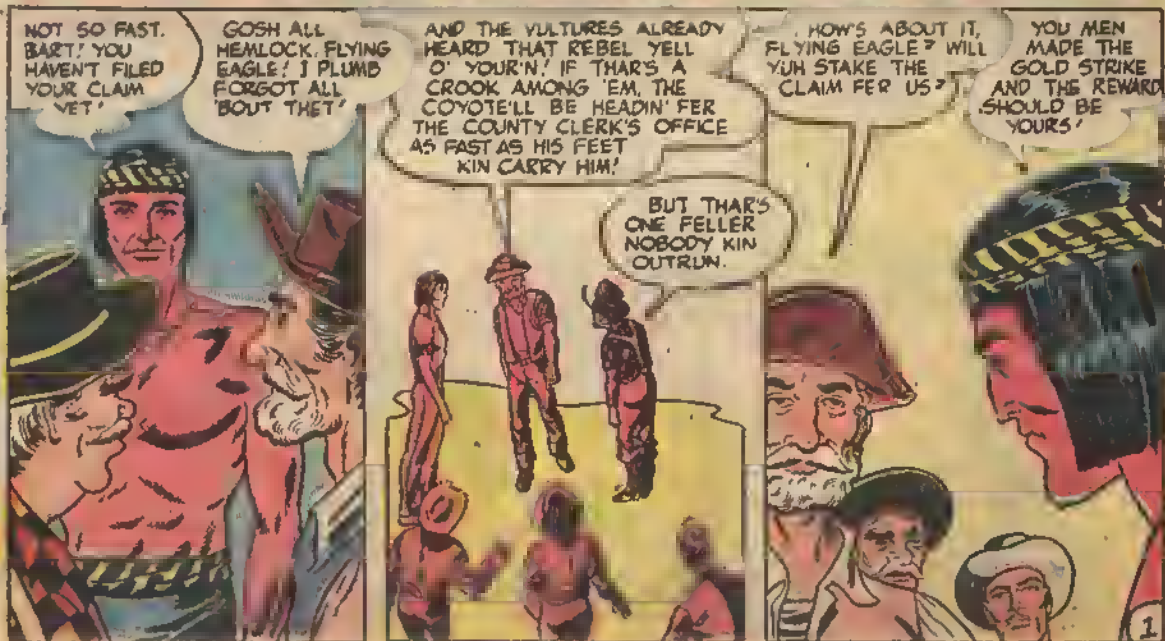


BOOKS! NOTHIN' BUT DRATTED BOOKS! BELIEVE YOU ME — IF I'D KNOWN BACK WHEN I WAS AN INJUN SCOUT THET MY SON WOULD GROW UP TO BE...





# FLYING EAGLE



I'LL STAKE  
THAT CLAIM  
FOR YOU!

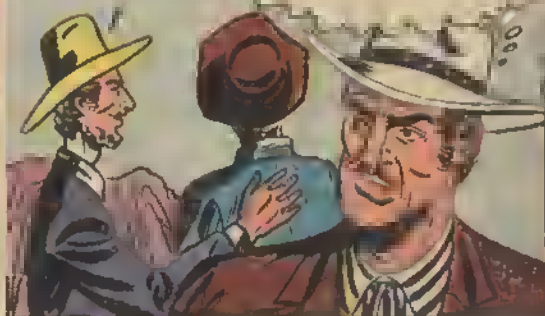
THAT FLYING EAGLE HAS THE FASTEST  
PAIR O' FEET IN ALL THESE HYAR  
PARTS! THE CLAIM'S AS GOOD  
AS FILED NOW!



BUT A PAIR OF EVIL EYES HAVE TAKEN IN THE  
WHOLE SCENE...

CONGRATULATIONS, BART!  
AND THE SAME TUH YUH,  
NEVADA! IT COULDN'T HAVE  
HAPPENED TUH TWO  
NICER CRITTERS!

THEY AIN'T FILED  
THET CLAIM YET!  
AND AS SHORE AS  
MUH HANDLE'S  
BLACKY SHAW IF IT'S  
GONNA BE FILED AT  
ALL--- IT'S GONNA BE  
FILED IN MY NAME!



MEBBE I CAN'T OUTRUN THET  
FLYING EAGLE, BUT I KNOW  
SOMEONE WHO KIN!



IN A FEW MINUTES....

HE'S GOT A BIG HEAD START,  
BUT IT AIN'T GONNA DO HIM  
ANY GOOD! THAR'S NO  
HUMAN ALIVE WHO KIN  
OUTRUN A MOSS!

GID'DAP!



JUST A FEW MORE MILES TO GO---  
HUH! GOSH, THAT RIDER APPEARS  
TO BE IN AN AWFUL HURRY  
TO GET SOMEWHERE!



SHORTLY AFTER, UP AHEAD...

I HEARD TELL THET THIS FLYING  
EAGLE AINT THE KIND O'  
COYOTE TUH TAKE CHANCES WITH!  
IF I TWE THIS RIGHT, HE AIN'T  
GONNA BE ANY COMPETITION  
TUH ME FER A LONG  
SPELL--- HA, HA!



THAT TREE--- IT'S  
FALLING RIGHT  
IN MY PATH!





WITH PERFECT TIMING FLYING EAGLE AVOIDS CERTAIN DEATH...

THAT TREE DIDN'T FALL BY ACCIDENT! SOMEONE CUT IT!



BUT BY DOING SO THE KILLER GAVE ME A SHORT CUT TO THE COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE!



IN A FEW MINUTES...

ONCE I FILE THAT CLAIM I KIN SELL MUH RIGHTS FER BIG MONEY!



COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE

HUH...!

YOU'RE NOT FILING ANY CLAIM AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY BIG MONEY!



ALL YOU'RE GETTING IS WHAT YOU DESERVE FOR BEING A CROOK...



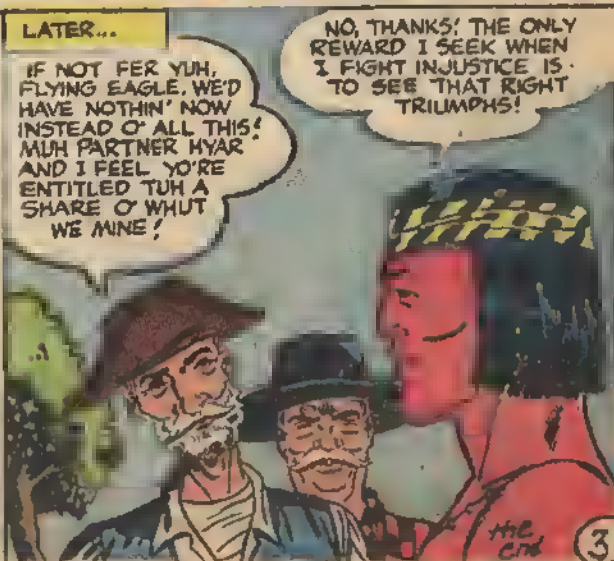
UGH!



LATER...

IF NOT FER YUH, FLYING EAGLE, WE'D HAVE NOTHIN' NOW INSTEAD O' ALL THIS! MUH PARTNER HYAR AND I FEEL YO'RE ENTITLED TUH A SHARE O' WHUT WE MINE!

NO, THANKS! THE ONLY REWARD I SEEK WHEN I FIGHT INJUSTICE IS TO SEE THAT RIGHT TRIUMPHS!



THE END

3

# THE BOY AND THE EAGLE



HOW'S POLLY  
DOING, SHERIFF?

PORELY, LES. THUH  
GAL'S STILL FEVERISH..  
SHE KEEPS CARRYIN' ON  
ABOUT BEIN' SAVED BY  
A MASKED RAIDER AN...

LES!  
IS  
THAT  
YOU?

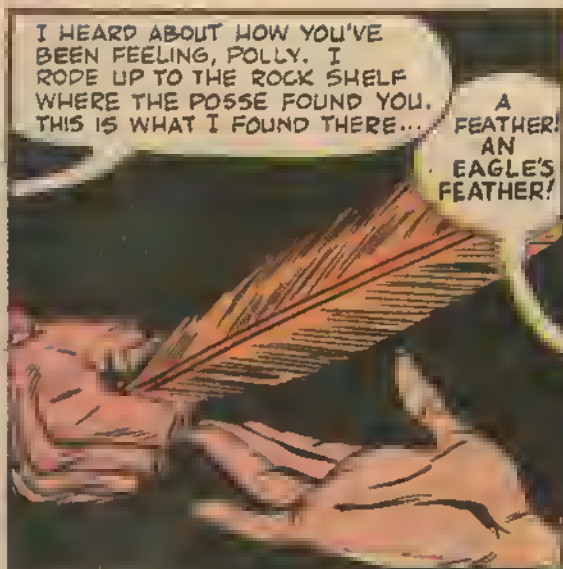


LES... YOU'RE A LAWYER! YOU CAN TELL  
WHEN A PERSON'S REALLY SEEN SOMETHING  
...OR WHEN SHE'S JUST... ER... IMAGINING,  
CAN'T YOU, LES? WERE THE MASKED  
RAIDER AND THE EAGLE ONLY A DREAM?  
TH- THEY SEEMED SO REAL! I HAVE TO

KNOW, LES! THE WAY  
PEOPLE LOOK AT ME  
WHEN I TALK... I'M  
AFRAID... (SOB) ... I'M  
LOSING MY MIND! I-  
I NO LONGER BELIEVE  
IN MYSELF!







I HEARD ABOUT HOW YOU'VE BEEN FEELING, POLLY. I RODE UP TO THE ROCK SHELF WHERE THE POSSE FOUND YOU. THIS IS WHAT I FOUND THERE...

A FEATHER! AN EAGLE'S FEATHER!



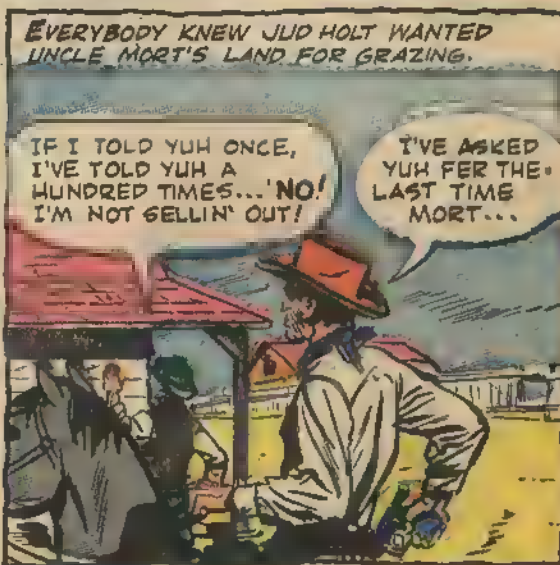
SHE'S STARING AT THE FEATHER. NOW SHE'S STROKING IT. BUT SHE'S SHAKING HER HEAD. SHE'S FROWNING. SHE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE... IF I COULD ONLY TELL HER THE STORY OF THE EAGLE AND THE BOY... MY STORY AND TALON'S ... THEN SHE'D BELIEVE...



MOMMA HAD DIED WHEN I WAS A BABY... AND DAD WAS ALWAYS AWAY. INJUN-SCOUTING FOR THE SOLDIERS AT FORT MACOMBER. SO I LODGED ON UNCLE MORT'S PLACE. SPENT MOST OF THE TIME RIDING OFF ALONE...

THAT NEPHEW OF YOREN IS A LONER, MORT. ALWAYS GOIN' OFF ON CAMPIN' TRIPS AIN'T HE?

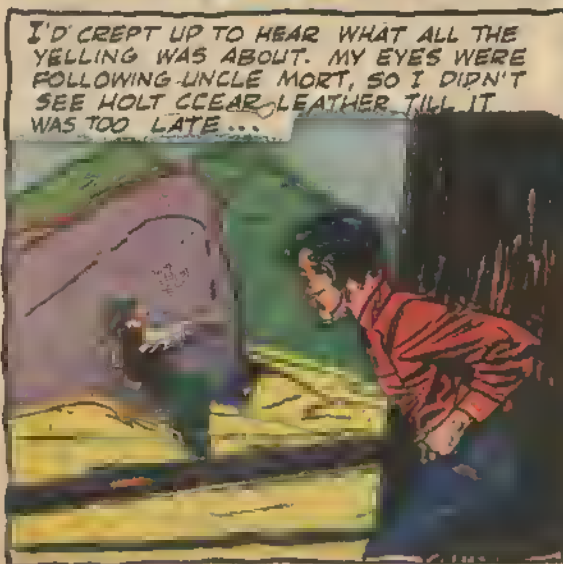
HE MISSES HIS PAW SUMP'THIN' FIERCE. WISH I HAD MORE TIME TO SPEND WITH THE BOY. BUT WHUT WITH JUD HOLT ON MY NECK, CAN'T SPAKE A MINUTE.



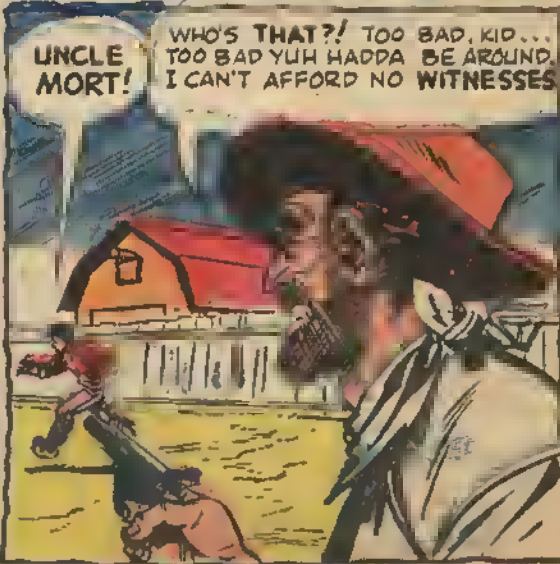
EVERYBODY KNEW JUD HOLT WANTED UNCLE MORT'S LAND FOR GRAZING.

IF I TOLD YUH ONCE, I'VE TOLD YUH A HUNDRED TIMES... 'NO! I'M NOT SELLIN' OUT!

I'VE ASKED YUH FER THE LAST TIME MORT...



I'D CREPT UP TO HEAR WHAT ALL THE YELLING WAS ABOUT. MY EYES WERE FOLLOWING UNCLE MORT, SO I DIDN'T SEE HOLT CCEAR LEATHER TILL IT WAS TOO LATE...



UNCLE MORT!

WHO'S THAT?! TOO BAD, KID... TOO BAD YUH HADDA BE AROUND. I CAN'T AFFORD NO WITNESSES



**MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!**

**YOURS**

**FOR ONLY**

**1¢**

**THIS STUNNING ASSORTMENT OF  
21 ALL-OCCASION GREETING CARDS!  
YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN IT!**

**Just to prove how easily a few spare hours  
CAN EARN YOU \$50 CASH!**

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed **ALL-OCCASION CARDS**. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So, here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Cards as illustrated. Yes, **JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY** is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at \$2 to \$3 if bought separately.

**ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!**

This special offer is made to men, women, boys and girls for one reason: to let you see for yourself how easy it is to make lots of extra spending money with this wonderful selling plan. So our offer is strictly limited, and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments **ON APPROVAL**, together with complete **MONEY-MAKING PLAN** and **FREE** Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry — this offer may not be repeated.

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.**

**810 Way Street, Elmira, New York**

In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ontario



**HERE'S WHAT  
YOU GET FOR  
ONLY 1¢**

- 1 Birth Congratulations Card
- 7 Convalescent Cards
- 9 Birthday Cards
- 1 Belated Birthday Greetings
- 1 Friendship Card
- 1 Sympathy Card
- 1 Congratulations
- 21 Envelopes

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
as a money-making plan

**MAIL THIS COUPON BY POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!**

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.  
810 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.**

I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments **ON APPROVAL**, plus **ONE BOX OF ALL OCCASION** Cards for which I owe you a special introductory price of only 1¢. Also include **FREE** Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here for Club or Group Fund-Raising Plan

**RAISE FUNDS.  
FOR YOUR CLUB  
OR GROUP**

Ask for Special Plans to  
raise money for your  
club or group.





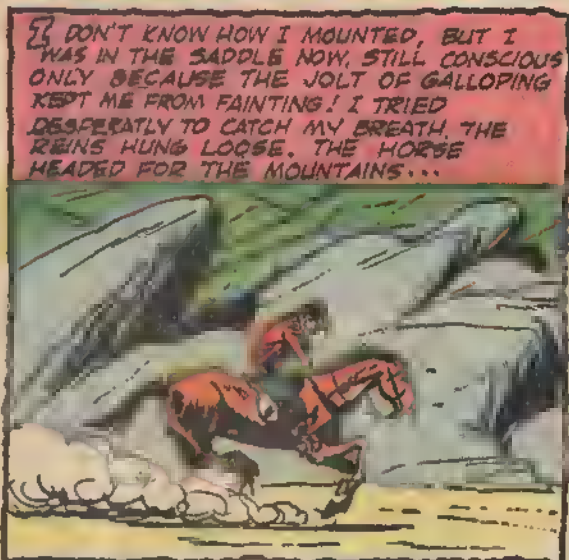
I TURNED TO RUN...

...AND TWISTED  
MY ANKLE  
DOING IT...



MY ANKLE  
STARTED TO  
SWELL AND  
THROB, SENDING  
PAINFUL FLASHES  
THROUGH MY  
LEG. BUT I HAD  
TO KEEP GOING.

I COULD SEE  
JUD HOLT  
COMING AFTER  
ME...

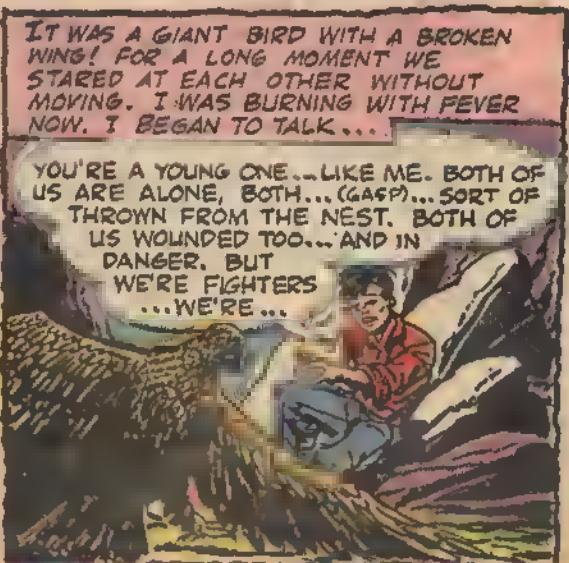


I DON'T KNOW HOW I MOUNTED, BUT I WAS IN THE SADDLE NOW, STILL CONSCIOUS ONLY BECAUSE THE JOLT OF GALLOPING KEPT ME FROM FAINTING. I TRIED DESPERATELY TO CATCH MY BREATH. THE REINS HUNG LOOSE. THE HORSE HEADED FOR THE MOUNTAINS...



AFTER THAT, I BLACKED OUT. WHEN I CAME TO, I SAW WHERE THE HORSE HAD BROUGHT ME. TO THE MOUNTAIN CAVE...

TH-THOSE EYES!  
WH-WHAT'S THAT  
STARING  
AT ME?



IT WAS A GIANT BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING! FOR A LONG MOMENT WE STARED AT EACH OTHER WITHOUT MOVING. I WAS BURNING WITH FEVER NOW. I BEGAN TO TALK...

YOU'RE A YOUNG ONE... LIKE ME. BOTH OF US ARE ALONE, BOTH... (GASP)... SORT OF THROWN FROM THE NEST. BOTH OF US WOUNDED TOO... AND IN DANGER. BUT WE'RE FIGHTERS... WE'RE...



WHEN I REACHED FOR HIM, HE HISSED AND JUMPED BACK, HIS LARGE WINGS FLAPPING MADLY.

HE KEPT TRYING TO TAKE AIR, BUT THE  
BROKEN WING WAS CRUEL BALLAST,  
DRAGGING HIM DOWN...

G-CAN'T LET YOU GO! CAN'T!  
YOU'D BE HURT....JUST LIKE  
HOLT WOULD HURT ME IF HE  
FOUND ME NOW!



I'D COME TO THIS  
CAVE MANY TIMES  
BEFORE TO SIT  
IN THE THICK  
SHADOWS AND  
BROOD ABOUT DAD.  
THAT'S HOW COME  
I HAD A FOOD  
CACHE THERE. IF  
NOT FOR THAT  
FOOD CACHE I'D  
NEVER HAVE PULLED  
THROUGH THE NEXT  
FEW DAYS. THEY  
PASSED QUICKLY  
WITH TALON ALWAYS  
GLARING AND  
STRAINING THE LEASH  
TO TAUT THINNESS  
AS HE KEPT TRYING  
TO GET AT ME.



IF HE HADN'T  
BEEN WEAK  
WITH HUNGER,  
HE'D HAVE  
TORN MY EYES  
OUT. I KEPT  
BEARING  
DOWN, CRYING  
TO HIM ALL  
THE TIME  
THAT HE MUST  
STAY, THE  
TWO OF US  
WERE KIN....  
AND AT LAST  
I HAD ROPE  
JESSES AROUND  
HIS FOOT WITH  
AN IMPROVISED  
LEASH TIED  
TO A SCRUB  
NEAR THE  
CAVE MOUTH...

YOUR TALON'S  
DID THIS! I'LL  
CALL YOU  
TALON!



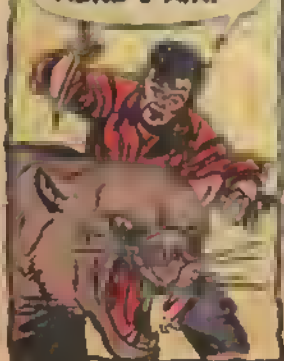
I'D LEFT THE CAVE THIS DAY TO GROPE  
DOWN TO A STREAM FOR WATER. WHEN  
I GOT BACK...

A MOUNTAIN  
LION! HE'S  
WORKING OVER  
TALON!



I FOUND MYSELF  
LEAPING, DRAWING  
MY KNIFE AND  
SCREAMING AS I  
WENT THROUGH THE  
AIR!

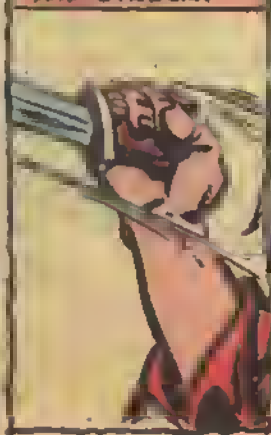
HERE I AM TALON!  
HERE I AM!



BUT THE LION WAS  
ROLLING OUT FROM  
UNDER BEFORE I  
COULD GET THE  
BLADE IN... THEN  
SNARLING AS HE  
REGAINED FOOTING  
HE CHARGED!



I FELT HIS HOT  
BREATH, SAW HIS  
YELLOW FANGS. I  
CLOSED MY EYES  
AND STRUCK!



GOT HIM!  
GOT  
HIM...!



THEN I SAW THAT  
TALON WAS STRAINING  
HIS LEASH  
TAUT-THIN AGAIN...



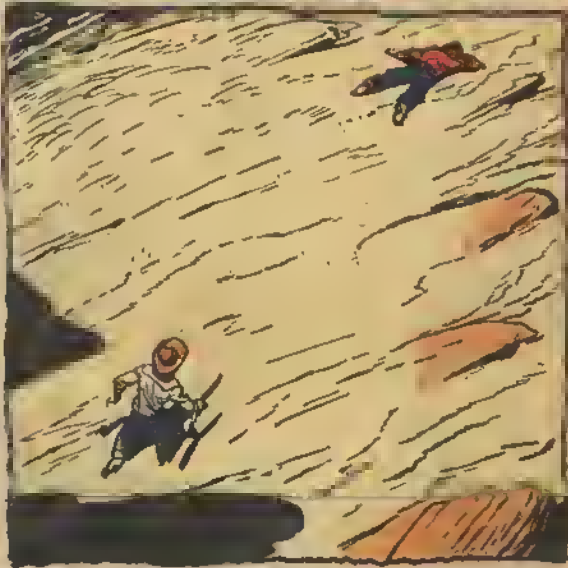
WE'RE FRIENDS NOW...RIGHT TALON?  
WE'LL STAY HERE TOGETHER JUST THE  
TWO OF US TILL MY DAD COMES FOR ME.



NO JESSES ON  
TALON ANYMORE  
...NO LEASH. HIS  
WING HAD HEAL-  
ED AND EVERY  
DAY HE TOOK  
OFF ON SLOW  
SOARING FLIGHTS.  
BUT HE ALWAYS  
CAME BACK, AND  
WE GREW CLOSER  
AND CLOSER. IT  
GOT SO HE COULD  
UNDERSTAND WHAT  
I SAID EVEN  
RESPOND TO HAND  
SIGNALS WHILE  
IN FLIGHT. WE  
HUNTED, ATE AND  
SLEPT TOGETHER  
...UNTIL THAT  
DAY WHEN JUD  
HOLT CAME TO  
THE CAVE...



BLAMM!



BUT TALON HAD BEEN SOARING OVERHEAD...



ALTHOUGH TALON, WITH HIS RIPPING CLAWS  
AND BEAK HAD BEEN ABLE TO THROW  
HOLT OFF BALANCE AND KNOCK THE  
RIFLE OUT OF HIS HANDS, THERE WAS  
TOO MUCH FRENZIED WELL-MUSCLED  
JUD HOLT TO KEEP DOWN LONG!



IT LOOKED BAD FOR TALON...

BUT I'D BEEN ONLY STUNNED! THERE WAS TIME TO GRAB HOLT'S RIFLE...



I FOUND A LETTER IN THE BADMAN'S POCKET. IT SAID MY DAD WAS HEADED HOME. THAT WAS WHY HOLT HAD COME SEARCHING FOR ME. HE WANTED TO GET ME BEFORE MY DAD FOUND ME. HE KNEW I'D TELL DAD WHAT HAPPENED TO UNCLE MORT...



I SPENT ALL NIGHT TALKING TO TALON. I HAD TO MAKE SURE HE'D UNDERSTAND.

I HAVE TO GO DOWN, TALON. HAVE TO LIVE WITH MY DAD. BUT YOU BUILD YOUR EYRIE AROUND HERE. I'LL BE BACK. AND THE TWO OF US... WE'LL BE A TEAM! THE SAME WAY WE FOUGHT THE MOUNTAIN LION AND HOLT, WE'LL FIGHT OTHER BADMEN!

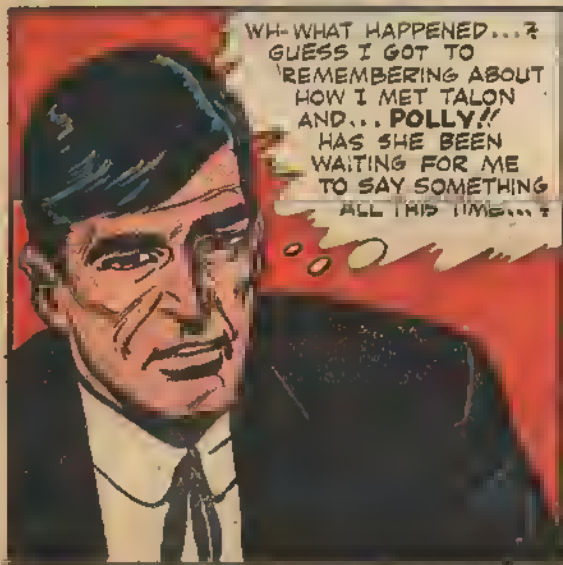


TALON SAT SILENTLY WATCHING AS I RODE DOWN FROM THE CAVE. FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT WATCHING. THEN HE TOOK AIR AND SOARED OVERHEAD. EVERYTIME I'D WAVE HE'D DIP A WING...

I'LL BE BACK...  
I'LL BE BACK!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED...? GUESS I GOT TO REMEMBERING ABOUT HOW I MET TALON AND... POLLY!! HAS SHE BEEN WAITING FOR ME TO SAY SOMETHING ALL THIS TIME...?



NO... SHE FELL ASLEEP WITH TALON'S FEATHER IN HER HAND. AND SHE'S SMILING! THE FEATHER WAS ENOUGH, AFTER ALL... POLLY BELIEVES IN HERSELF AGAIN. SHE'S NOT AFRAID ANY MORE.





# SLIM JIM and ROLY-POLY

LIFE AT THE BAR-B-QUE ISN'T PLEASANT WHEN SLIM AND ROLY ARE OUT OF HUMOR!!

LISTEN, YOU BIG STIFF!! I SEEN YOU SLIP THAT ACE OUTTA YOUR SLEEVE!!

WHY YOU LARD BARREL! I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THEM WORDS!!



LEGGO MY LEG, YOU WILD COYOTE!!

GLUG! GLUG! I'LL CHEW YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE!



I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, ROLY CAT!!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!!

HEY! CUT IT OUT YOU GUYS AND MAKE UP!



A FEW DAYS LATER

SAY! THOSE GUYS DON'T MAKE UP WE'LL NEVER HAVE PEACE OR GET ANY WORK DONE!!

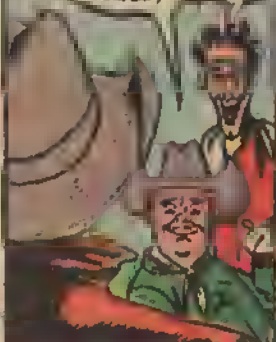
I GOT AN IDEA, BOSS-- PSSST--BZZ--BZZ--BZZ



I GOT THOSE PRESENTS I PROMISED YOU OVER IN THE CORRAL YOUR NAMES ARE ON THEM! RIDE THEM OUT HERE!

THAT'S SWEET OF YOU

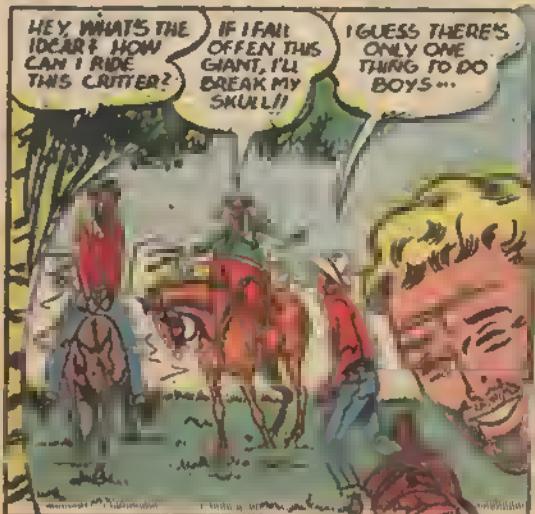
GEE, THANKS BOSS!



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEAR? NOW CAN I RIDE THIS CRITTER?

IF I FAIL OFFEN THIS GIANT, I'LL BREAK MY SKULL!!

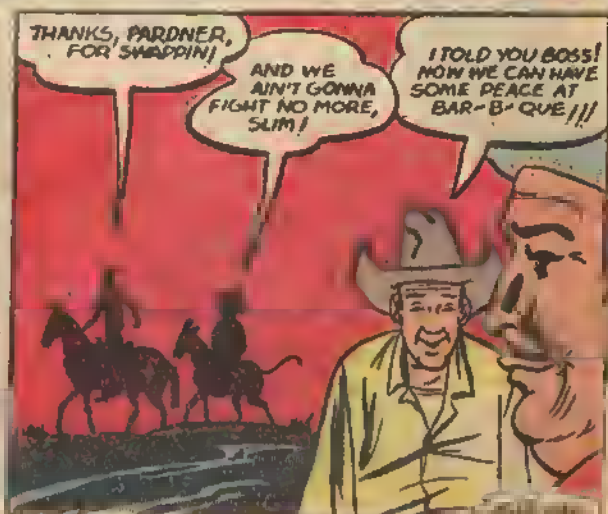
I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO BOYS...



THANKS, PARDNER, FOR SHAPPIN!

AND WE AIN'T GONNA FIGHT NO MORE, SLIM!

I TOLD YOU BOSS! NOW WE CAN HAVE SOME PEACE AT BAR-B-QUE!!!



# THE PRINCE ALBERT KID

By BENTON RICE

WINSTON CITY was overflowing with people, wagons, horses, and trouble. For at the end of the week the United States Government was going to open a section of former Indian territory for the homesteader. You didn't have to eavesdrop to hear what was being said. People just had to shout to be heard above the noise of the creaking wagons on the main street. "Hope to get some good farm land," remarked a man from New England. "My land back east was all worked out. Sold everything I had." And an old prospector added, "Bones gettin' too old for farmin'. My old mule wouldn't pull a plow." But the main topic of conversation centered around one theme. *There are four points to the compass. Just where was the government going to open the land. To the North, South, East or West?*

A man dismounted his horse and tied his animal to the hitching rail in front of *The Elegant Hotel*. He was tall and had a small moustache that just reached over the sides of his thin lips. He wore a black sombrero, black Prince Albert, and gray trousers pulled down over a pair of highly polished black boots. He entered the hotel and started walking up the stairs. The clerk shouted, "Hey, where do you think you are going? Are you . . ." and then he stopped as he recognized the Prince Albert Kid.

The clerk quickly apologized. "Sorry I didn't recognize you. Light is bad. We got to protect Mr. Underhill. Sheriff is outside his room waiting for you."

Sheriff Ben Turner was relieved when he saw the Prince Albert Kid.

"Good thing you got here. There's been two attempts on Mr. Underhill's life. And about five times some cuss has tried to steal the land schedule. Feel mighty happy the government sent you here."

"The Prince Albert Kid is here," the sheriff announced, as he knocked at Mr. Underhill's door. "Now I can go home and

get some rest. Just let anyone try anything from now on. They'll be mighty sorry they ever started."

John Underhill motioned to his visitor to be seated as he himself sat down on the bed. "It's been like a terrible nightmare with the land schedule in my possession. My life just isn't worth a cent to some people. If they knew which section of land the government planned to open they could sell the information and make a fortune. The end of the week can't get here to soon for me."

The Prince Albert Kid smiled. "Now that I'm here I think you can do a bit of relaxing. After all, you've had a tough year surveying the land and deciding which was the best to open to the public. Where is the schedule?" The tired surveyor put his hand inside his shirt and took off a cloth money belt. He opened it and handed the Prince Albert Kid a document which was wrapped in silken oiled cloth. The West's famous man of action opened it and read the contents. Then he returned the land schedule and said, "You keep on wearing it in that money belt. Now we are going out for a bit of air."

The two walked down the stairs and out of the hotel. Side by side they walked without talking. As they passed a saloon, a group of noisy, drunken men came up to them. A tall, red-headed man looked at John Underhill. "Here's that government surveyor," he snarled. "We oughta string him up and make him tell us which section they are going to open. Bet if I filled him with some lead he might loosen his tongue." As though to carry out the second part of his threat he went for his gun.

With lightning speed, the Prince Albert Kid drew his two guns and a startled group of men saw the muzzles of two deadly .45's pointing in their direction. "If you go for your gun you'll never live to get it out of the bolster," warned the man behind the



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**VETS** write in date of discharge

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SERVICING**

**How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION**

two Colts. The red-headed stranger beat a hasty retreat. "Just havin' a little fun, mister. Didn't mean anything by it." And as he spoke he quickly withdrew his hand from the direction of his holster.

"I'm not exactly a coward," suggested John Underhill, "but if this keeps up, I may get a heart attack. Let's go back." The Prince Albert Kid agreed and they returned to the hotel.

When they got to the room, the Prince Albert Kid took the key from young Underhill and placed it in the lock. He turned it to the left to open the door. Nothing clicked. Then he turned the key to the right and heard the click. Again he turned the key. "This door was closed when we left. Now it's open. Something's happened. You get back to the side while I kick the door open." With his body against the wall, he kicked the door open.

Two loud reports greeted the men. On the table was a double barreled shot gun. "What a contraption," said the Prince Albert Kid. "Someone figured to murder both of us. And then what?"

As he turned around the clerk of the hotel, Walter Pierson, was in the room. "Heard the shots and ran right up," he said almost breathlessly. "What happened?" The clerk saw the gun of death and that was an answer in itself. "Oh," he groaned.

That evening, the Prince Albert Kid tried to figure out a puzzle. "It doesn't make sense," he admitted half aloud. "This attempt to kill us. Just how did our would-be murderer expect to benefit? Putting us out of the way would give him the information. Or would it?" A little smile began to play on his lips and it was evident he felt he had the key to the puzzle. But getting evidence would be another thing.

The next morning there was a visitor to see the Prince Albert Kid. He was the red-headed man who almost had started something. "My name is Jeff Giles," he said. "and I am mighty 'shamed of the way I acted. Heard about the attempt to kill both of you. Only a polecat would try something like that. If there is anything I can do to make amends, just call on me."

The Prince Albert Kid studied the face of Jeff Giles carefully. He had to decide if the man could be trusted. "There is something you can do. We must find out

who tried to kill us because they probably will do it again. And if there's one fellow I don't want to wish success — he's my would-be killer."

Late that evening the lobby of the hotel was deserted. The clerk sat with his eyes fixed on the staircase. With anger clearly written all over his face, Jeff Giles rushed into the hotel. "Where you going?" asked the clerk. "To kill those two fellows upstairs. If the Prince Albert Kid thinks he can make a fool out of me, he's got another thought comin' to him." Jeff went for his gun and it was soon in his right hand. "I'm going to knock on the door and when it opens, I'll finish them both off."

The clerk watched Jeff Giles walk upstairs. His keen ears heard a knock on the door. Then the door opened. There were two shots. A body fell to the floor. Then the anguished voice of the Prince Albert Kid moaned, "You killed both of us." And another body fell to the floor.

The clerk dashed upstairs to the room. Jeff Giles was looking at the two figures on the floor. The gun was in his hand. "Give me that gun," ordered the clerk. The command was obeyed. The clerk held Jeff's gun in his right hand. Then with his left hand he went for his own derringer. "I'm going to kill you right now," he announced. "Why?" pleaded Jeff. "It's your job to turn me over to the sheriff."

The clerk laughed. "I'll be a hero by killing you. And at the same time I'll get that land schedule from Underhill's body. And I will . . ." But he never finished those words. The corpse of the Prince Albert Kid turned over and threw the clerk to the floor. Then the closet door opened and Sheriff Ben Turner took charge of his prisoner. "Mighty warm in that closet," said the sheriff.

It was a week after the government opened the north section to the public that the sheriff came to the point. "How did you really know it was the clerk behind all the trouble?"

"Easy," replied the Prince Albert Kid. "He would have been the first up if we were killed. In fact he was the first up when the gun he set up fired. And it could only have been someone with a key. He was so nervous he left the door unlocked. Thanks to Jeff Giles we trapped him."

THE END





HIGH IN THE AIR WITH HUGE WINGS OUT-  
SPREAD, TALON SOARS SILENTLY! TALON-  
THE SENTINEL OF JUSTICE!



I BEEN MEANIN' TO DO THIS  
EVER SINCE WE LEFT THUH  
MINE, JUD. BUT I HADDA  
WAIT TILL WE CAME TO THIS  
LONESOME PASS WHAR I COULD  
BE SURE NOBODY'D  
SEE ME...



LATER, IN DOUGLAS CITY-- WMPF--ME WITH  
MORE NOTCHES IN  
MY HUNG-UP GUNS THAN THAR ARE SPINES IN  
A CACTUS PLANT... AN' THUH CLOSEST MY  
GROWN SON EVER GETS TO BLOOD IS WHEN  
HE CUTS HISSELF WITH  
A LETTER OPENER...!

THAT'S TALON  
UP THERE!

WONDER HOW LONG HE'S BEEN  
CIRCLING—TALON NEVER FLIES  
TO TOWN UNLESS THERE'S BAD  
TROUBLE! HE'S SIGNALING  
ME TO MOUNT  
UP AND  
FOLLOW!

CAN'T YUH EVEN  
BANDAGE YISSELF?  
THEY BLOOD'S GET-  
TIN' ALL OVER YORE  
SHIRT!



ANYTHIN'  
WRONG?  
WHAR YUH  
HEADED  
TO?

HAVE TO GO TO  
ULSTER GAP, DAD.  
LAWYER-FRIEND  
OF MINE THERE  
HAS SOME LAW  
BOOKS I NEED.



SHUDDA KNOWN  
IT WOULD HAVE  
SUMP.THIN' TD  
DO WITH LAW  
BDOKS...

TALON'S HEADE  
FOR THE  
MOUNTAINS!  
HE'S SIGNALING  
FOR ME TO RIDE  
FASTER!



BUT IT TOOK A LONG TIME FOR LES WILCOX  
TD SPOT TALON THROUGH THE OFFICE  
WINDOW—AND ALREADY A HAND  
HAS RAPPED AT SHERIFF GARRETT'S DOOR...

MORT PIKE!  
WHUT'S  
HAPPENED  
TO YUH?

SHERIFF'S  
OFFICE



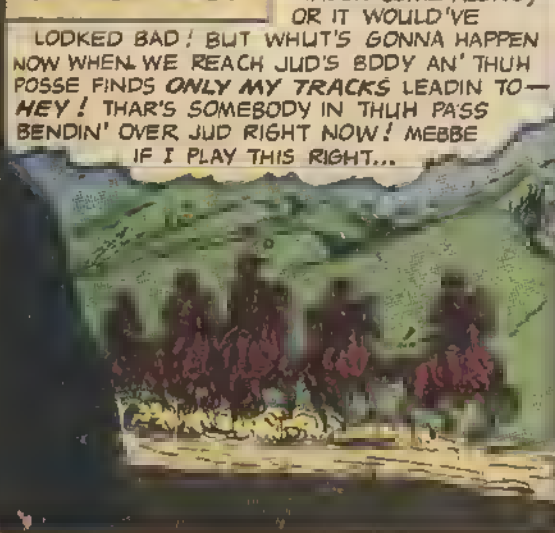
ME...AN' JUD HOWARD... WE  
WAS...(GASP)...COMIN' THROUGH  
THUH MOUNTAIN PASS! SOME  
SIDEWINDER JUMPED US  
AND THEN HE GOT  
JUD... I GOT AWAY!

ROUND UP A  
POSSE, HAL.  
WE'VE HAD  
LOTS OF RAIN  
LATELY. SHOULD  
BE ABLE TD TRACK  
DOWN THE KILLER  
EASY.



THE POSSE RIDES!

HADDA COME ALONG,  
OR IT WOULD'VE  
LOOKED BAD! BUT WHUT'S GONNA HAPPEN  
NOW WHEN WE REACH JUD'S BDDY AN' THUH  
POSSE FINDS ONLY MY TRACKS LEADIN TO—  
HEY! THAR'S SOMEBODY IN THUH PASS  
BENDIN' OVER JUD RIGHT NOW! MEBBE  
IF I PLAY THIS RIGHT...



LES WILCOX!  
WHUT'RE YOU  
DOIN' HERE?

SHERIFF—HE'S THUH  
SIDEWINDER THEY  
GOT JUD!







THET DUDE  
RANCHER JUMP  
TWO MEN WITH  
A KNIFE?  
WHUT'RE  
YUH—  
LOCO?

BUT AIN'T  
WILCOX ALWAYS  
IN HIS OFFICE  
THIS TIME OF  
DAY, SHERIFF?  
HOW COME HE AIN'T  
TOLE US WHUT  
HE'S DOIN' OUT  
HERE

CAN'T LET  
THEM KNOW  
ABOUT TALON  
AND ME. HAVE  
TO PLAY  
FOR TIME...



LOOK! BLOOD  
ON HIS SHIRT!  
A MAN DON'T GIT  
THAT ON HIS  
SHIRT JIST BY  
BENOIN' OVER  
A BODY!

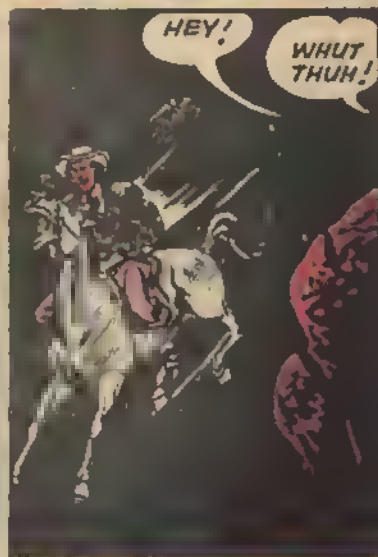
AIN'T YUH  
GONNA  
SAY ANYTHIN',  
LES?

YOU BETTER  
TAKE ME IN,  
SHERIFF. I'LL  
DO MY TALKING  
IN COURT.

DO HIS TALKIN' IN COURT...THETS  
WHUT HE THINKS! I'LL SEE TO  
IT THET HE'S STRUNG UP BE-  
FORE THUH CIRCUIT JUDGE  
COMES AROUND, IF I HAVE TO DO  
THE STRINGIN' MYSELF!



TRAIL NARROWS HERE. HAVE  
TO DIG MY SPURS IN HARD.—  
SEND MY MOUNT OVER THE  
EDGE. ONLY WAY TO KEEP  
THE SECRET OF TALON,  
AND ME...



HEY!

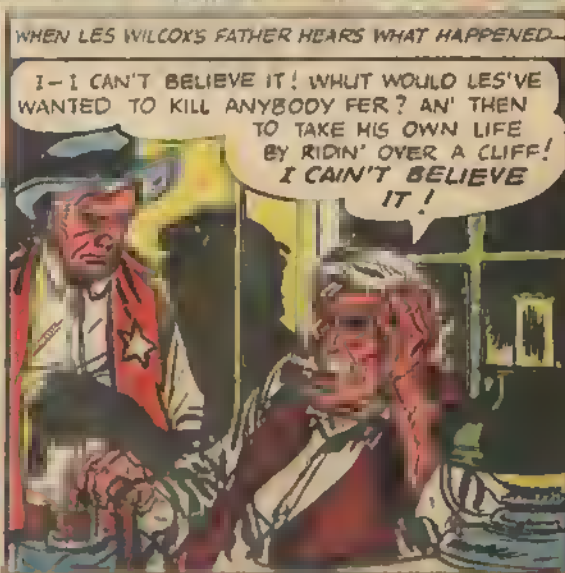
WHUT  
THUH!



CAN'T SEE  
HIM DOWN  
THAR—TOO  
DARK.

HE'S GONE  
FER SURE!  
LAWYERS GOT  
BRITTLE BONES.

GUESS THET  
SEWS UP YORE  
CASE—HUH,  
SHERIFF?



WHEN LES WILCOX'S FATHER HEARS WHAT HAPPENED—

I—I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHUT WOULD LES'VE  
WANTED TO KILL ANYBODY FER? AN' THEN  
TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE  
BY RIDIN' OVER A CLIFF!  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT!

TRY TO KEEP A TIGHT REIN  
ON THET TEMPER OF YOURS.  
HATE TO SAY THIS—BUT THUH  
CASE IS CLOSED. THAR'S NO-  
THING NOBODY KIN DO.



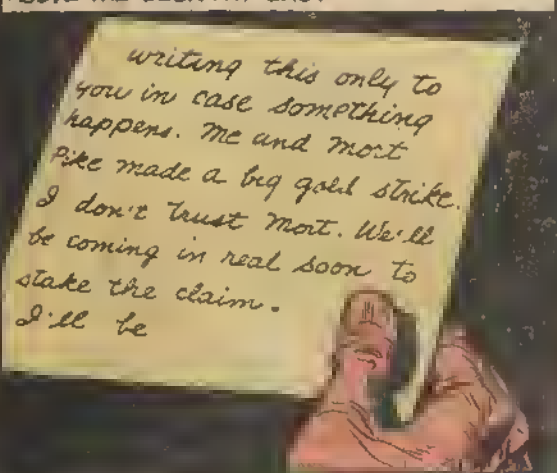
LES WAS MY  
ONLY SON, SHER-  
IFF. HE DIDN'T  
TURN OUT THUH  
WAY I WANTED  
HIM TO... BUT LES  
WAS MY ONLY  
SON!

THE OLD MAN IS ALONE NOW...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LES DIDN'T  
HAVE A MEAN-HAIR ON HIS HEAD. AN'  
WHY SHOULD HE KILL JUD HOWELL OF  
ALL MEN! JUD THOUGHT THE WORLD  
OF LES EVER SINCE LES DEFENDED  
HIM THET TI... **HMM** —  
COME TO THINK OF IT,  
LES TOLD ME JET  
THUH OTHER DAY HE  
GOT A LETTER FROM  
JUD.



HIS GNARLED FINGERS TREMBLING, THE OLD  
MAN SEARCHES THROUGH THE PIGEONHOLES  
ABOVE THE DESK. AT LAST —



*writing this only to  
you in case something  
happens. Me and Mort  
Pike made a big gold strike.  
I don't trust Mort. We'll  
be coming in real soon to  
stake the claim.  
I'll be*

MORT DIDN'T TELL THUH SHERIFF NONE ABOUT  
A GOLD STRIKE! BET THUH DRYGULCHER  
JUMPED JUD FER THUH GOLD! DURN THESE  
FINGERS OF MINE — JOINTS ACHE SO I KIN  
HARDLY BUCKLE  
THIS ON...



THIS HERE'S WHAR MORT  
HOLES-UP WHEN HE'S  
IN TOWN...

**COME ON  
OUT, MORT — I WANT  
A TALK WITH  
YUH!**



KEERFUL WITH THET  
GUN, OLD-TIMER—THUH  
WAY IT'S SHAKIN' IN YORE  
HAND, IT'S LIKELY TO  
BLAST YORE OWN  
EAR OFF!

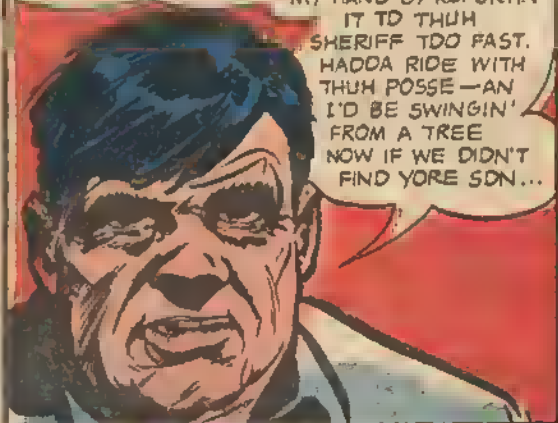
IF I GO DOWN TONIGHT,  
I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTIN'  
THUH SNAKE THET  
GOT HIS PARDNER  
AN' PINNED THUH  
MURDER ON MY  
DEAD SON!





SHOULD'VE KNOWN AN OLE INJUN SCDUT LIKE YOU WOULD KETCH ON FAST. SURE—I KILLEO JUD. HIM AN' ME STRUCK A GOLD VEIN THICK AS A BUFFALO'S HUMP, AN' I DIDN'T FIGGER ON SHARIN' ALL THET GOLO! BUT I OVERPLAYED MY HAND BY REPORTIN' IT TO THUH

SHERIFF TOO FAST. HADDA RIDE WITH THUH POSSE—AN' I'D BE SWINGIN' FROM A TREE NOW IF WE DIDN'T FIND YORE SON...

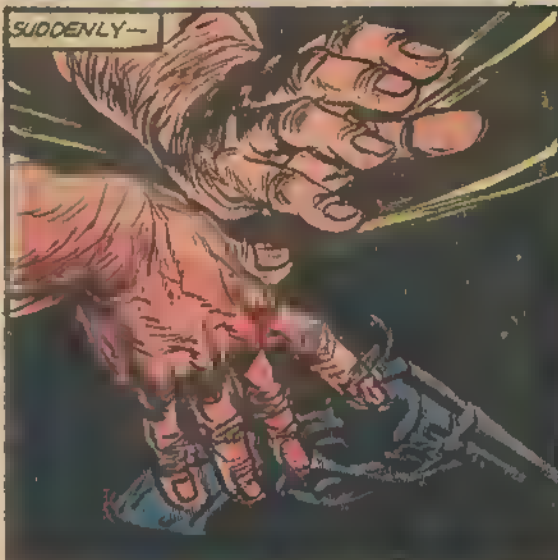


...BENDIN' OVER JUD'S BODY! STILL DDN'T KNOW WHUT HE WAS DOIN' THAR OR WHY HE WOULDN'T TALK...

THUH OLE MAN'S EYES ARE SO BAD, HE DON'T SEE ME MOVIN' CLOSER!



SUDDENLY—



HEH-HEH-HEH— IF NOT FER THET TEMPER OF YOURS, OLE MAN, YUH'D HAVE THOUGHT TO CALL IN THUH SHERIFF INSTEAD OF TRYING TO TACKLE ME ALONE! WAL NOW...

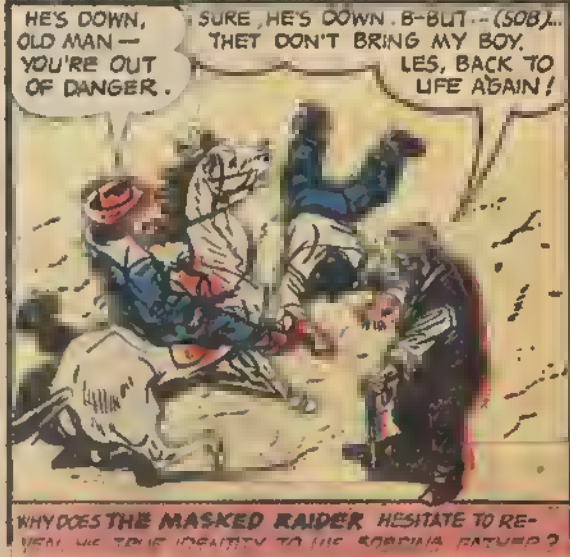


BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE MASKED RAIDER GALLOPS OUT OF THE NIGHT, WITH BLAZING GUN.



HE'S DOWN, OLD MAN— YOU'RE OUT OF DANGER.

SURE, HE'S DOWN. B-BUT— (SOB)... THET DON'T BRING MY BOY. LES, BACK TO LIFE AGAIN!



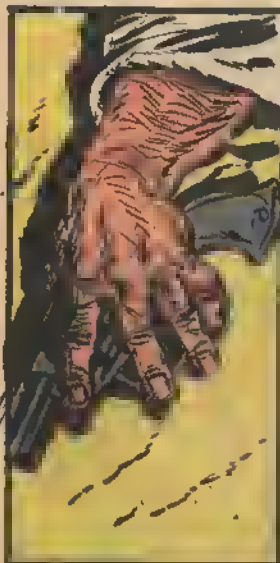
WHY DOES THE MASKED RAIDER HESITATE TO REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY TO HIS BORDING FATHER?

I... I CAN'T TELL HIM! DAD'S TOO FULL OF  
FIRE—ALWAYS READY TO FLARE UP! HE'D  
WANT TO RIDE OUT WITH ME EVERYTIME  
I TEAM UP WITH TALON  
AS THE MASKED RAIDER  
HE'D GET HURT...

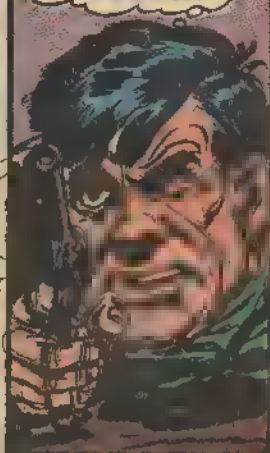


I'D LOOSENED THE ROPES BINDING MY HANDS,  
SO THE FALL FROM THE CLIFF GAVE ME NO  
TROUBLE. LUCKY I'D SPOTTED MORT AS  
THE KILLER. THAT'S HOW  
COME I RODE HERE FAST  
AS I COULD AFTER  
SWITCHING CLOTHES  
AT THE SECRET  
CAVE...

TH-THET GUN!  
GOTTA GIT MY  
HANDS ON IT BE-  
FORE THEY  
TURN...

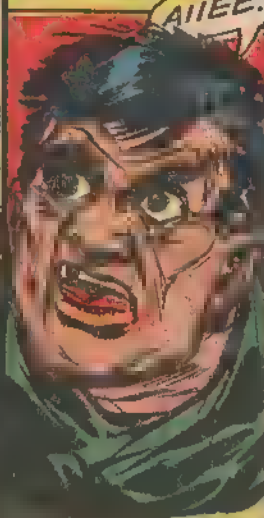


FIRST THUH MASKED  
RAIDER... THEN THUH  
OLD MAN! HERE  
GOES...



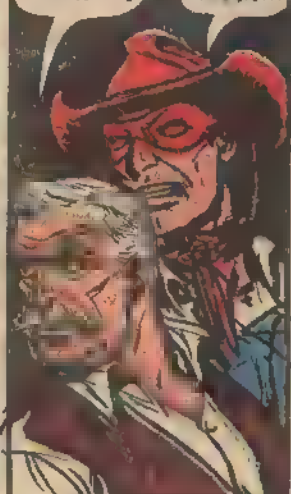
JUST THEN—

AIEEE!



WHUT  
THUH—!

GOOD  
WORK...



...TALON!

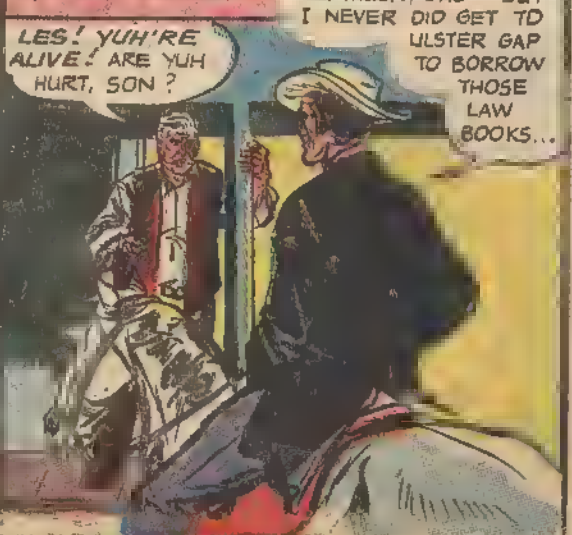
I'LL BE—! THUH BLAMED EAGLE  
DIVED DOWN AN' PINNED MORT'S  
SHOOTIN' HAND TO THUH  
GROUND! SHERIFF!  
HEY, SHERIFF!



THE NEXT MORNING...

LES! YUH'RE  
ALIVE! ARE YUH  
HURT, SON?

NOT MUCH, DAD— BUT  
I NEVER DID GET TO  
ULSTER GAP  
TO BORROW  
THOSE  
LAW  
BOOKS...





# COWBOY HATS

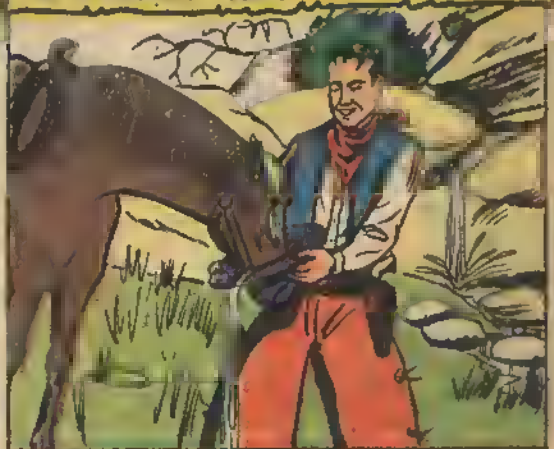


THE TEN GALLON HAT IS THE HALLMARK OF A COWBOY!

MODERN RODEO COWBOYS WEAR DISTINCTIVE HATS, EACH INDIVIDUALLY SHAPED.



THE WIDE BRIM ACTS AS A SUNSHIELD! THE LARGE CROWN ALLOWS FOR PLENTY OF AIR SO THE COWBOY'S HEAD DOESN'T GET TOO HOT! IN AN EMERGENCY THE HAT COULD BE USED AS A WATER PAIL!



BUT MOST DESERT COWBOYS PREFER A CHEAP 98¢ STRAW! FIRST THE HAT IS SOAKED IN A HORSE TROUGH TO BREAK DOWN THE ORIGINAL BLOCKING.



WHILE STILL WET THE HAT IS MOLDED WITH EXTRA RIDGES TO GIVE IT PROPER DASH!

YER GOIN TER BE A REGULAR DUDE, LEM!



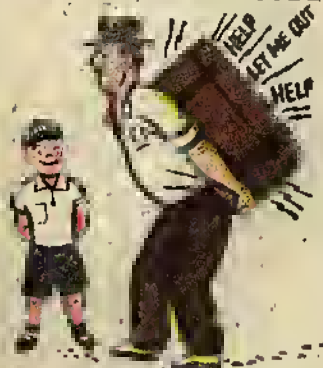
TIED AROUND WITH A BELT, THE HAT IS THEN LEFT IN THE OPEN FOR THE SUN AND WIND TO DRY AND MOLD IT.



A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES AND THE HAT IS READY FOR WEAR! THE OWNER IS "RIGHT PROUD" OF HIS OWN CREATION.



## THROW YOUR VOICE



### Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist! Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist!"

No. 137

25¢

# MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



First chop a cigarette in two in either hole, then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling! Full instructions included.

No. 222... Only 1.00

## NICKELS TO DIMITES

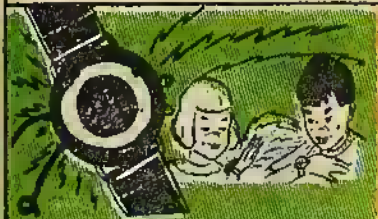


NO SKILL REQUIRED

5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED

Brass cover, 15 places on four nickels, a specialor removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

No. 215..... 1.00



### AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Worel A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Receives regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but hidden in like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in microphone and ear.

No. 133

2.98



A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.

No. 240

1.50



### RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio. Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from an other room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio. Fool everybody into thinking it's coming from the radio. Really effective. Fits most standard radios. Made of handsome chrome-plated metal. 4 inches high.

No. 112

1.98



### WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

No. 247

50¢



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking, sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 239..... Only 50¢



### POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No. 205

3.98



### Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160H

Style 160H—For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in line durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14.

6.98

### 10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. A-955  
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00. Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

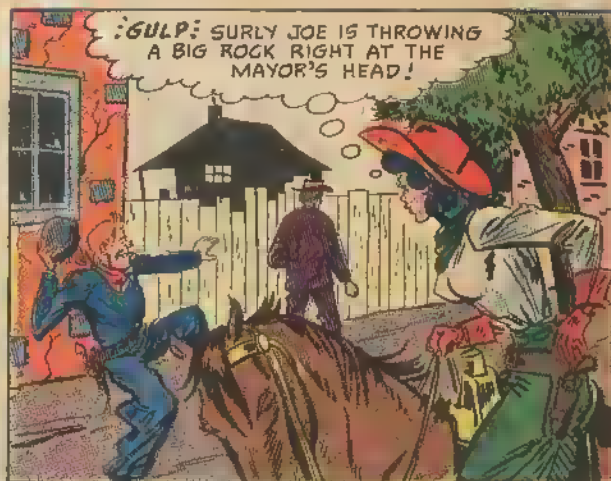
☐ I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

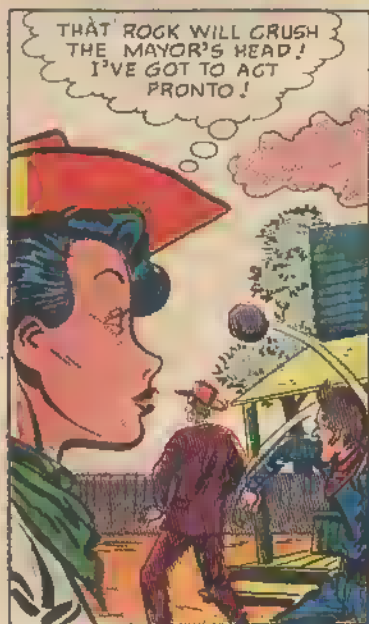


# PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

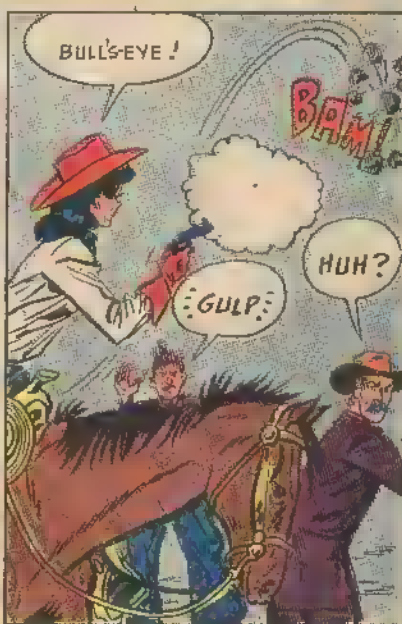
---HAS A  
BLOCK  
PARTY!



:GULP: SURLY JOE IS THROWING  
A BIG ROCK RIGHT AT THE  
MAYOR'S HEAD!



THAT ROCK WILL CRUSH  
THE MAYOR'S HEAD!  
I'VE GOT TO ACT  
PRONTO!



BULL'S-EYE!

BAM!

HUH?

:GULP:



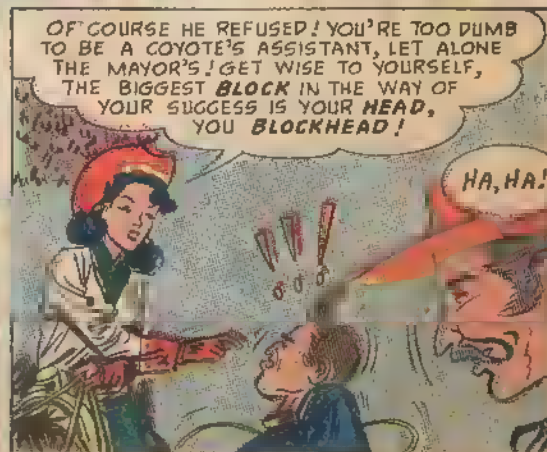
I'D BETTER  
GIT FROM  
HYAR...  
:GULP:

YOU'RE  
NOT GOING  
ANYWHERE  
YET!



NOW START EXPLAINING!  
WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF  
TRYING TO SMASH THE  
MAYOR'S HEAD IN?

HE DESERVED IT!  
I ASKED HIM TO  
MAKE ME HIS  
ASSISTANT, BUT  
HE REFUSED! HE'S  
THE BIGGEST BLOCK  
IN THE WAY OF  
MY SUCCESS!



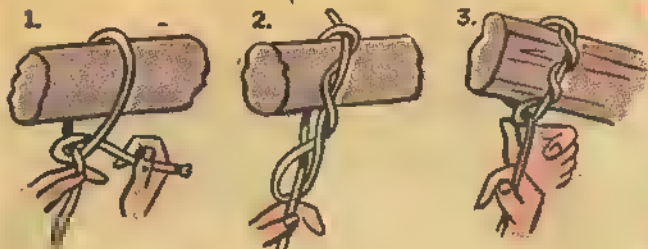
OF COURSE HE REFUSED! YOU'RE TOO DUMB  
TO BE A COYOTE'S ASSISTANT, LET ALONE  
THE MAYOR'S! GET WISE TO YOURSELF,  
THE BIGGEST **BLOCK** IN THE WAY OF  
YOUR SUCCESS IS YOUR HEAD,  
YOU **BLOCKHEAD**!

HA, HA!

AND NOW WE'LL GO ON TO SOME MORE HELPFUL AND USEFUL KNOTS!

### TIMBER HITCH

PASS END OF ROPE UNDER AND AROUND LOG. CARRY END UNDER AND OVER THE STANDING PART. TWIST THE END AROUND ITS OWN PART A FEW TIMES.



### TAUTLINE HITCH

THIS KNOT FORMS A LOOP WHICH WILL NOT SLIP WHEN ROPE IS TAUT, BUT WILL SLIP WHEN TENSION IS RELEASED! IT IS USEFUL FOR TYING TENT GUY LINES TO PEGS! IT IS TIED THE SAME AS TWO HALF HITCHES, EXCEPT THAT THERE IS AN EXTRA TURN AROUND THE STANDING PART, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STRAIN!



### ASSORTED KNOTS



BOWLINE ON A BIGHT



SHEEPSHANK



SLIP KNOT

STEVEDORE



HITCHING TIE



GIRTH HITCH



PIPE HITCH



Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!

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GUARANTEED  
WORTH AT LEAST  
\$2.00 At Standard  
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**STAMP Collecting** opens up new worlds of fun and adventure, to you. Practically everything that exists upon, above, and below the earth, sea, and sky is represented in one stamp or another. Airplanes, sun, moon, and stars. Tropic Jungles, fierce beasts, canals, rivers, and mountains. Great Generals, Athletes, Kings, and Explorers!

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ders are waiting for you—on these fascinating little things we call stamps. No wonder so many successful people—presidents, kings, movie stars—collect stamps! And now you can get started on this wonderful hobby with 100 exciting and colorful stamps from every corner of the world—**ALL yours ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

Mail coupon **AT ONCE** to get the **100 DIFFERENT STAMPS** from all over the world—**PLUS** the famous **BERLIN BEAR STAMP**—**FREE**. We'll also include a **FREE** copy of our "How to Collect Stamps"—how to trade them, know their value, etc.—plus other interesting offers for your inspection. But hurry!

The supply is limited. And this offer is going to be snapped up like hot cakes. So rush—coupon—with 10¢ in postage to help cover postage and handling **RIGHT AWAY**. If coupon has been used, write and mail 10¢ direct to: **LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. 54-CC Littleton, N.H.**

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Dept. 54-CC Littleton, N. H.

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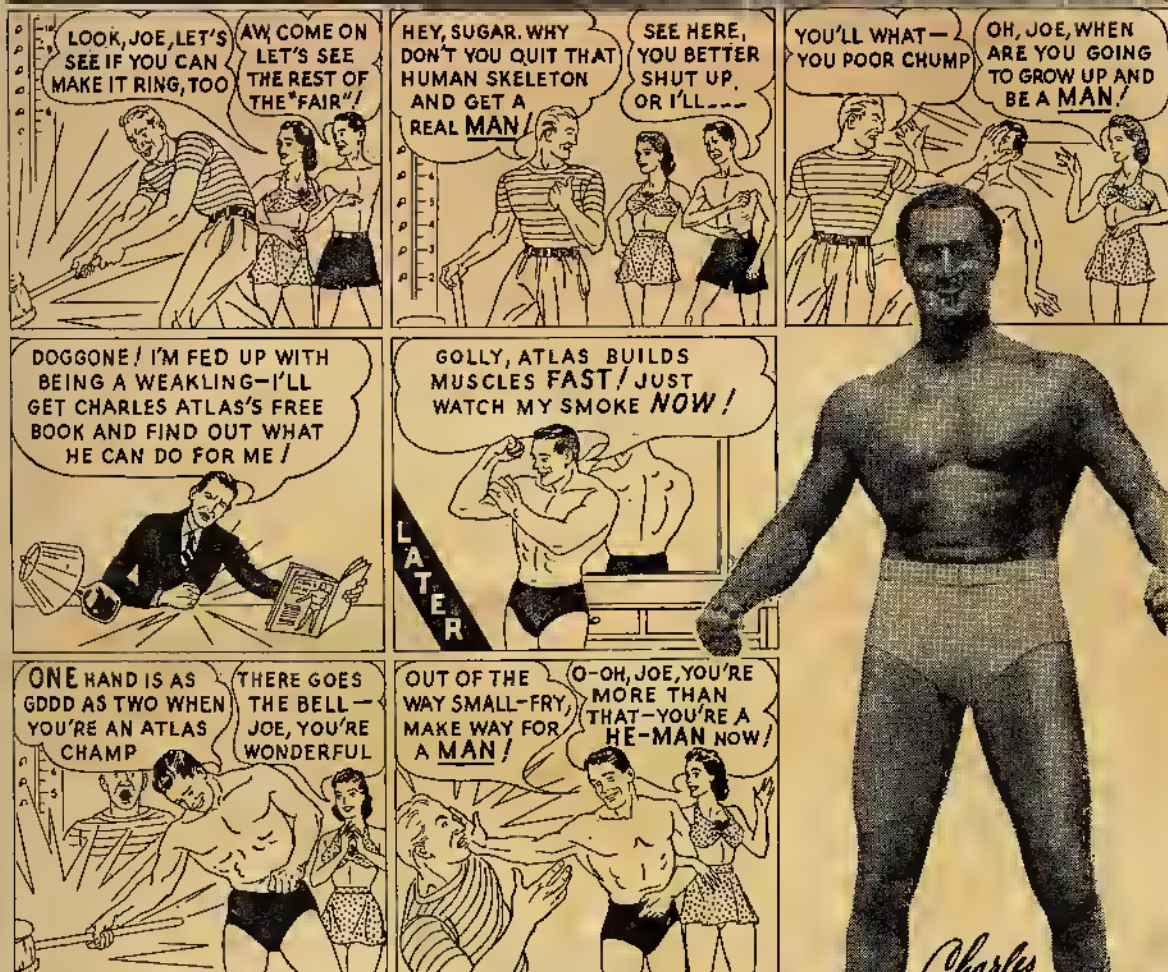
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please PRINT)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest size, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep,

bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

**FREE... My 32-Page Illustrated Book Not \$1.00 or 10¢ — But FREE**

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," 32 pages, packed with photographs, valuable advice. Shows what Dynamic Tension can do; answers vital questions. Book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325Q 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325-Q 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name  Age   
(Please print plainly)

Address

City  Zone No.   
(if any) State

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A

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RADIO



ROY ROGERS  
FLASH CAMERA



ROY ROGERS  
BINOCULARS



GABBY HAYES  
FISHING KIT



RADIUM DIAL  
POCKET WATCH



GIRLS' SHOULDER  
STRAP BAG



SPORTS  
EQUIPMENT



ROLLER  
SKATES



JET ENGINE  
PLANE FLIES  
500 FEET!

WALKING  
GOOL



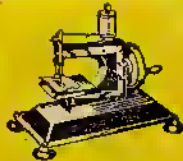
TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER  
BIBLE



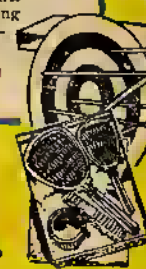
TABLE TENNIS SET



SEWING MACHINE



BOYS' OR GIRLS'  
BICYCLE



VANITY SET



PRESSURE  
COOKER



JEWELRY  
SET



WOODBURNING SET



UKELELE  
WITH ARTHUR  
GOOFREY PLAYER



RADIO RECEIVING  
SET FOR SCOUTS



CHEMISTRY SET

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

# PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE  
MONEY  
TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 85c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

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The FUNman, Dept. V-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

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STREET or RFD \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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